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SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1915.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

First printing of an original poem, written daily for The Washington Herald.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

Sometimes when I am bored I wish
The Lord had made me just a fish
To swim around the deep blue seas,
And do whatever chanced to please;
And then the thought comes over me
How dark and lonesome is the sea;
How wet and cold it is below;
How aimless swimming to and fro
With no one nigh to crack a joke,
With life one everlasting soak;
No love or laughter, dance or song;
No sense of right, no sense of wrong;
Compelled whate'er we eat to look
Within for some unwelcome hook
Lest we be yanked from home and friends
For mortal's gastronomic ends.

'Tis then my boredom flies away
Like snows upon a springy day,
And thanks rise to the Lord that He
Has mercifully made me ME!

(Copyright, 1915.)

A member of a German society of expert marksmen was found dead with a rifle between his knees and a bullet in his brain. And a lot of people are trying to take away from him his reputation as an expert.

Another threatened breach of neutrality—the florists have decreed that the cornflower shall be the correct boutonniere the coming season. Now the cornflower happens to be the Kaiser's favorite and he is seldom seen in public without it.

The ninety-nine-year lease of Dalny and Port Arthur given to the Japanese by China is far more sensible than going to war over it. No telling what may happen within that near-century. By that time the Celestial republic may be strong enough to decline to renew the lease.

In the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York City, the divorce rule of the religious body with which he is connected is mediaeval and pernicious. Now that the Nevada divorce industry has resumed business, Dr. Grant's co-operation will no doubt be of considerable service to those who thrive by it.

A Pittsburgh bank was compelled to close its doors, inspiring this statement from John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Treasury: "The failure of the German National Bank has no significance as bearing upon the general business situation, but again illustrates the truth of the saying that 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' The scripture says also—'Judge not, lest ye be judged.'"

The American Legion, an organization which it is proposed shall organize 300,000 men who have served in the wars of the United States, has procured a charter under the laws of the State of New York. Senator Chamberlain has called attention to the unconstitutionality of such an organization and the menace to the peace and safety of the United States which it threatens. In our day it is Theodore Roosevelt, jr., who is one of the incorporators. What may happen in the future?

Recent inquiry into the methods of the bread trusts has revealed the startling fact that the staff of life of the present moment is a composite affair, a chemical combination with just enough wheat flour to preserve the tradition. The most amazing thing about this modern product is that both in appearance and in flavor it seems to be the equal of the bread of our forefathers. Have we been mistaken in our estimate of food values? Have we been doing an injustice to plaster of paris and all the other chemicals which are combined with a minimum of wheat flour in the really artistic loaves now turned out by the bread trust?

It is impossible to criticize the action of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia in placing Raymond W. Pullman at the head of the police department. They have been bold enough to enter upon an experiment such as the governing authorities of no other municipality have dared to try. In appointing a gentle Sunday school teacher and timid supporter of the Golden Rule to an office requiring, hitherto, the exercise of a more or less arbitrary authority to maintain the law, the Commissioners have assumed a responsibility that nobody will envy them. Mr. Pullman's personal qualifications are unquestioned. He will have to make good as police chief to gain the confidence of the people of Washington.

The question of beer or no beer at Harvard was fought to a standstill at the Forum meeting on Wednesday night, when the 150 men present split evenly on the question: "Resolved, That beer shall not be served at class functions." It was argued from every angle. J. D. Taylor said that Dr. Eliot, president emeritus, told him if he had to begin life over again he wouldn't touch alcohol. In reply Clifford Farrington pointed out that at the sophomore banquet last year President Lowell sat through all the festivities with a bottle of beer before him, a long English pipe in his mouth and a happy smile on his face. This, the speaker asserted, was as good backing for beer as anything the antis could show to the contrary. But, did they take a look at the president the morning after?

The End of the War?

In the current number of the Contemporary Review, one of the leading English periodicals, there are two articles, one by Dr. E. J. Dillon and the other by Harold Spender, which make very interesting reading right at this moment. Both of these articles are practically on the same subject, although written from slightly different points of view. This subject is the probable duration of the present war and the terms of peace that will, in all likelihood, mark its close. Dr. Dillon, it may be said, is a well-known English publicist, having an especial familiarity with political and social conditions on the continent of Europe. Harold Spender is in the front rank of the journalists of Great Britain.

Dr. Dillon's article is devoted, in the main, to warning his countrymen as to the extent of the sacrifice which they must be prepared to make in order to conquer Germany. Optimism is good in moderation, but undaunted resolve and sustained effort are better suited to the actual requirements of the present situation, and optimism, so far as Germany and Germany's purpose is concerned, has been the great sin of Russia, England and France in the past. The solemn fact has to be faced that if peace were concluded today, Germany would possess Belgium and the northern part of France with all the vast industries of this territory. Russia would lose the most valuable portion of Poland and part of Trans-Caucasia, while Germany would retain her army and navy and all her powerful organizations and would lose only her anaemic colonies. This would leave Germany in measurable control of Europe, if not of the world.

A great many people in England have been looking forward to internal trouble in Germany, followed by the disruption of the country, as one of the possible means of ending the war. But this could only come from an unbearable economic strain caused by German reverses in the field, followed in due course by a dwindling of German food supplies. No such German reverses have, as yet, occurred. Fear of Hungary's defection from Austria may be dismissed as improbable, because Hungary and her statesmen were the originators of the war. There is a party in Turkey opposed to the political leaders there who were responsible for the alliance with Germany. But there is nothing now that the allies can offer to Turkey in order to induce her to retire from the contest. The doom of Turkey has already been decreed and is on the point of being accomplished. In a few days or a few weeks more the Dardanelles will be forced and the government of Turkey must retire to Asia.

The war in Western Europe has degenerated into a sappers' siege and this kind of a contest may last for years. So far neither the allies nor the Germans have advanced at all since they took up their position in the trenches last fall, and the battle, if so it can be called, is an apparently endless one. Germany overran Belgium in a short time and has now splendidly fortified herself there. Belgium has, in fact, become a part of Germany's fortress, and it will require a long and tremendous struggle on the part of the allies to get her out of the country and force her back to her own territory on the other side of the Rhine. Thus far the progress of Russia's armies has been disappointing. The fall of Warsaw must be contemplated as a near possibility.

More than this, England must take into consideration the danger of disaffection in both Russia and France. Here Dr. Dillon speaks guardedly but it is plain that he entertains some doubt as to the staying power that Russia and France may exhibit. At any rate they must be helped financially by England. Whether Italy and Roumania can play a very helpful part, if they enter the war, is open to more or less doubt. Both these countries are animated by exceedingly selfish motives. Italy will probably confine herself solely to capturing that portion of the Austrian territory opening on the Adriatic which formerly used to belong to Italy. Of all countries that are or may be parties to the present struggle, the statesmanship of Italy is the one most supported by interest alone.

There remains then the question whether Germany can be brought to her knees and if so, within a short space of time, by a mere policy of attrition. It is obvious now that Germany's resources and her organization have been greatly undervalued. All classes of people of the country, admirals, generals, financiers, bankers, railway managers, economists, commercial men, journalists and merchants have been at work for years in preparing for this war of conquest. Up to this moment supplies of everything in the country have been abundant and now Germany has new sources of supply in the territory in France, Belgium and Poland that she has seized. The accumulation of gold in the German treasury is very large. It is questionable whether the German commandeering of grain and other home supplies has not been due more to caution than to any actual want. There is no sign yet of financial trouble in Germany despite the fall in German exchange in other lands. Taking account of all her losses the armies of Germany are still, so far as can be seen, equal in number to the armies of the allies. Japan can be of no further assistance to the allies unless she is willing to send to Europe as many as 600,000 troops. The entrance into the contest of a mere 200,000 or 300,000 Japanese would not be of any material benefit; and the interests of Japan plainly forbid that she should suffer any further losses than she has already. She is herself in an exceedingly straightened financial state. Altogether Dr. Dillon calculates that the English must be prepared to sustain a war lasting two years more at the least, if she wishes to gain any real victory.

The title of Mr. Spender's article is "Watchman, what of the Night?" He dwells upon the tendency of the war to assume world wide dimensions and to the angry replies from the battle ground that the "logic of the stricken field" is the only source from which a settlement of the war can come. But Mr. Spender's answer to this is that the stricken field has no logic short of extermination, and that the end of war is peace. A lesson was taught to all combatants, present or future, by Bismarck after the battle of Sadowa in 1866. Prussia set out to crush Austria-Hungary, but after the great defeat of Austria at Sadowa Bismarck saw that it was wise to make peace with the country and retain her eternal friendship rather than to crush her and secure her eternal enmity. It was probably the wisest stroke of diplomacy in all his life. Some such conclusion of the present struggle ought to be looked for and the hand of diplomacy ought to be used to accomplish it. Of course the independence of Belgium is a sine qua non of peace. But in the interest of Belgium itself, the country ought not to be made the cockpit of a second invasion. That is to say, Germany must be induced in some way to retire from the country. Similarly also France will be forever unsatisfied until she recovers possession of Alsace and Lorraine; and Mr. Spender intimates, with great plainness, that the wisest end to be sought is to convince Germany that her best interests lie in the surrender of these three countries or provinces.

It may be said that one end of the war has been to wipe out Prussian militarism and that the war will be unsuccessful unless this militarism is abolished; but it is clear that German militarism has already failed of its purpose. It has not subjugated France, and the German people, even her war lords, must see that France cannot be subjugated in the present war. The war has, in fact, become a defensive struggle on the part of Germany. All the German Socialists have made it plain that from now on it is only a defensive war that will claim their allegiance. Conversely the allies must abandon the idea of an extermination of Germany. Seventy-five millions of people cannot be exterminated, nor can Germany be split up again into the political elements, as these were constituted prior to the Franco-Prussian war.

Sooner or later these substantial underlying facts must be recognized by the parties concerned. As soon as they are recognized it is only a step further to German realization of the truth that with Alsace and Lorraine given up, Belgium restored to her people, the Turks driven out of Europe and Russia granted her long cherished outlet to the southward, the principal and long-standing national "grouches" of Europe have disappeared and with them all the objections to a general European disarmament. Jean de Bloch, the Polish economist, prophesied in his well-known book written in 1898, that the forthcoming great war in Europe would result in a deadlock. He declared that the people of Europe would not consent that warfare should be pushed to the point of mutual annihilation or that the whole of Western Europe should be made as Belgium is now. Sooner or later statesmen would resume the part that they had handed over to the sword and would settle the war in the manner just indicated.

For our own part, we should not be surprised if this prophecy, which Mr. Spender recalls, is reasonably near fulfillment.

What Labor Is Trying to Do.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

IN THIS country one often notices signs of a misunderstanding in regard to what labor is trying to do. From the charges made one might think that labor was a destructive agency. To its friends and to all that are related to labor, that is, to the public at large, it seems worth while that its real nature should be emphasized.

Labor is not trying to destroy anything. It is essentially constructive. All it asks is a fair chance. It should be borne in mind that labor is not, as has been claimed in the past, a mere commodity. It is human power. It expends itself for the purpose of maintaining, not only its own life, but the life of those dependent upon it. And those dependent upon labor include the whole world.

The very people who most successfully and most unworthily exploit labor live on labor. But for labor they would perish. In the past they gave labor as little as possible. Consequently labor was abused and degraded and weakened. Out of the labor market, like a great pen of slavery, came millions to be sacrificed, consisting not only of men, but of women and children.

For generations labor has been struggling to make this sacrifice impossible and to place itself on the basis where it belongs, where it can secure from the whole world the recognition of its service. It knows, and it is striving to make the world know, that, without it, human life cannot continue. As soon as a full understanding is reached, it believes that its claims will be appreciated at their true worth and properly rewarded.

The struggle of labor has been bitter and long. The failures have been many and the successes have been few. But steadily it has grown more enlightened. Now it asks as its right for a share in its results that shall enable the laborers to develop themselves as women and men, as mothers and fathers, as sisters and brothers. As its right it asks for a voice in the shaping of the conditions that affect its own welfare, relating to health, and to hours, and to regulations of service. Instead of doing harm to the world by its demands, it confidently asserts that it does good, through co-operating with the law that makes injury to great masses of human beings harmful to all society, destructive to the generations of today, menacing to the generations to come.

What Is a Progressive?

Of the five members of the Federal Trade Commission, two are called Progressives. Both of them drew the short terms, indicating the general idea that the Progressive is a probationary proposition. However, it is observed that the Progressives always accept, which indicates that they possess the permanent political quality of taking all they can get. But after all, the puzzle remains: What is a Progressive?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A distinguished German educator, opposing the proposition to abolish the study of English in the German public schools, says English will undoubtedly continue to be the trade language of the world. Surely this suggests grounds for hope that the United States is not to be Germanized, after all.

That it would require something more distracting than active participation in the greatest war in the history of the race to put the Scottish commercial instinct out of working order is made evident by the recent discovery that a Glasgow metal firm has been shipping hematite to the Krupps in Germany. Talk about American greed for the mighty dollar.

"A TEMPERED WIND"

BY O. HENRY

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The first time my optical nerves was disturbed by the sight of Buckingham Skinner was in Kansas City. I was standing on a corner when I see Buck stick his straw-colored head out of a third-story window of a business block and holler, "Whoa, there! Whoa!" like you would in endeavoring to assuage a team of runaway mules.

I looked around; but all the animals I see in sight is a policeman, having his shoes shined, and a couple of delivery wagons hitched to posts. Then in a minute downstairs tumbles this Buckingham Skinner, and runs to the corner, and stands and gazes down the other street at the imaginary dust kicked up by the fabulous hoofs of the fictitious team of chimerical quadrupeds. And then B. Skinner goes back up to the third-story room again, and I see that the lettering on the window is "The Farmers' Friend Loan Company."

By and by Straw-top comes down again, and I crossed the street to meet him, for I had my ideas. Yes, sir, when I got close I could see where he overdone it. He was Reub all right as far as his blue jeans and cowhide boots went, but he had a matinee actor's hands, and the rye straw stuck over his ear looked like it belonged to the property man of the Old Homestead Co. Curiosity to know what his graft was got the best of me.

"Was that your team broke away and run just now?" I asks him, polite. "I tried to stop 'em," says I, "but I couldn't. I guess they're half way back to the farm by now."

"Gosh blame them darned mules," says Straw-top, in a voice so good that I nearly apologized; "they're a'lus bustin' loose." And then he looks at me close, and then he takes off his hayseed hat, and says, in a different voice: "I'd like to shake hands with Parleyvoo Pickens, the greatest street man in the West, barring only Montague Silver, which you can no more than allow."

I let him shake hands with me.

"I learned under Silver," I said; "I don't begrudge him the lead. But what's your graft, son? I admit that the phantom flight of the non-existing animals at which you remarked 'Whoa!' has puzzled me somewhat. How do you win out on the trick?"

Buckingham Skinner blushed.

"Pocket money," says he; "that's all. I am temporarily unfinanced. This little coup de rye straw is good for forty dollars in a town of this size. How do I work it? Why, I involve myself, as you perceive, in the loathsome apparel of the rural dub. Thus emhalmed I am Jonas Stubblefield—a name impossible to improve upon. I repair noisily to the office of some loan company conveniently located in the third-floor, front. There I lay my hat and yarn gloves on the floor and ask to mortgage my farm for $2,000 to pay for my sister's musical education in Europe. Loans like that always suit the loan companies. It's ten to one that when the note falls due the foreclosure will be leading the semiquavers by a couple of lengths.

"Well, sir, I reach in my pocket for the abstract of title; but I suddenly hear my team running away. I run to the window and emit the word—or exclamation, which-ever it may be—viz, 'Whoa!' Then I rush downstairs and down the street, returning in a few minutes. 'Dang them mules,' I says; 'they done run away and busted the doubletree and two traces. Now I got to hoof it home, for I never brought no money along. Reckon we'll talk about that loan some other time, gen'lemen.'

"Then I spreads out my tarpaulin, like the Israelites, and waits for the manna to drop.

"'Why, no, Mr. Stubblefield,' says the lobster-colored party in the specs and dotted pique vest; 'oblige us by accepting this ten-dollar bill until tomorrow. Get your harness repaired and call in at ten. We'll be pleased to accommodate you in the matter of this loan.'

"It's a slight thing," says Buckingham Skinner, modest, "but, as I said, only for temporary loose change."

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," says I, in respect for his mortification; "in case of an emergency. Of course, it's small compared to organizing a trust or bridge whist, but even the Chicago University had to be started in a small way."

"What's your graft these days?" Buckingham Skinner asks me.

"The legitimate," says I. "I'm handling rhinestones and Dr. Oleum Sinapi's Electric Headache Battery and the Swiss Warbler's Bird Call, a small lot of the new queer ones and twos, and the Bonanza Budget, consisting of a rolled-gold wedding and engagement ring, six Egyptian lily bulbs, a combination pickle fork and nail-clipper, and fifty engraved visiting cards—no two names alike—all for the sum of 38 cents."

"Two months ago," says Buckingham Skinner, "I was doing well down in Texas with a patent instantaneous fire kindler, made of compressed wood ashes and benzine. I sold loads of 'em in towns where they like to burn niggers quick, without having to ask somebody for a light. And just when I was doing the best they strikes oil down there and puts me out of business. 'Your machine's too slow, now, pardner,' they tells me. 'We can have a coon in hell with this here petroleum before your old flint-and-tinder truck can get him warm enough to perfess religion.' And so I gives up the kindler and drifts up here to K. C. This little curtain-raiser you seen me doing, Mr. Pickens, with the simulated farm and the hypothetical team, ain't in my line at all, and I'm ashamed you found me working it."

"No man," says I, kindly, "need to be ashamed of putting the skibunk on a loan corporation for even so small a sum as ten dollars, when he is financially abashed. Still, it wasn't quite the proper thing. It's too much like borrowing money without paying it back."

I liked Buckingham Skinner from the start, for as good a man as ever stood over the axles and breathed gasoline smoke. And pretty soon we gets thick, and I let him in on a scheme I'd had in mind for some time, and offers to go partners.

"Anything," says Buck, "that is not actually dishonest will find me willing and ready. Let us perforate into the inwardness of your proposition. I feel degraded when I am forced to wear property straw in my hair and assume a bucolic air for the small sum of ten dollars. Actually, Mr. Pickens, it makes me feel like the Ophelia of the Great Occidental All-Star One-Night Consolidated Theatrical Aggregation."

This scheme of mine was one that suited my proclivities. By nature I am some sentimental, and have always felt gentle toward the mollifying elements of existence. I am disposed to be lenient with the arts and sciences; and I find time to instigate a cordiality for the more human works of nature, such as romance and the atmosphere and grass and poetry and the Seasons. I never skin a sucker without admiring the prismatic beauty of his scales. I never sell a little auriferous trifle to the man with the hoe without noticing the beautiful harmony there is between gold and green. And that's why I liked this scheme; it was so full of outdoor air and landscapes and easy money.

We had to have a young lady assistant to help us work this graft; and I asked Buck if he knew of one to fill the bill.

"One," says I, "that is cool and wise and strictly business from her pompadour to her Oxfords. No ex-toe-dancers or gum-chewers or crayon portrait canvassers for this."

Buck claimed he knew a suitable feminine and he takes me around to see Miss Sarah Malloy. The minute I see her I am pleased. She looked to be the goods as ordered. No sign of the three p's about her—no peroxide, patchouli, nor peau de soie; about twenty-two, brown hair, pleasant ways—the kind of a lady for the place.

"A description of the sandbag, if you please," she begins.

"Why, ma'am," says I, "this graft of ours is so nice and refined and romantic, it would make the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet' look like second-story work."

We talked it over, and Miss Malloy agreed to come in as a business partner. She said she was glad to get a chance to give up her place as stenographer and secretary to a suburban lot company, and go into something respectable.

This is the way we worked our scheme. First, I figured it out by a kind of a proverb. The best grafts in the world are built up on copy-book maxims and psalms and proverbs and Esau's fables. They seem to kind of hit off human nature. Our peaceful little swindle was constructed on the old saying: "The whole push loves a lover."

One evening Buck and Miss Malloy drives up like blazes in a buggy to a farmer's door. She is pale but affectionate, clinging to his arm—always clinging to his arm. Any one can see that she is a peach and of the cling variety. They claim they are eloping for to be married on account of cruel parents. They ask where they can find a preacher. Farmer says, "B'gum there ain't any preacher nigher than Reverend Abels, four miles over on Caney Creek." Farmeress wipes her hand on her apron and rubbers through her specs.

Then, lo and look ye! Up the road from the other way jogs Parleyvoo Pickens in a gig, dressed in black, white necktie, long face, sniffing his nose, emitting a spurious kind of noise resembling the long meter doxology.

"B'pinks!" says farmer, "if thar ain't a preacher now!"

It transpires that I am Rev. Abijah Green, traveling over to Little Bethel school-house for to preach next Sunday.

The young folks will have it they must be married, for pa is pursuing them with the plow mules and the buckboard. So the Reverend Green, after hesitation, marries 'em in farmer's parlor. And farmer grins, and has in cider, and says "B'gum!" and farmeress sniffles a bit and pats the bride on the shoulder. And Parleyvoo Pickens, the wrong reverend, writes out a marriage certificate, and farmer and farmeress sign it as witnesses. And the parties of the first, second, and third part gets in their vehicles and rides away. Oh, that was an idyllic graft! True love and the lowing kine and the sun shining on the red barns—it certainly had all other impostures I know about beat to a batter.

I suppose I happened along in time to marry Buck and Miss Malloy at about twenty farm-houses. I hated to think how the romance was going to fade later on when all them marriage certificates turned up in banks where we'd discounted 'em, and the farmers had to pay them notes of hand they'd signed, running from $300 to $500.

On the 15th day of May us three divided about $6,000. Miss Malloy nearly cried with joy. You don't often see a tenderhearted girl or one that was so bent on doing right.

"Boys," says she, dabbing her eyes with a little handkerchief, "this stake comes in handier than a powder rag at a fat men's ball. It gives me a chance to reform. I was trying to get out of the real estate business when you fellows came along. But if you hadn't taken me in on this neat little proposition for removing the cuticle of the rutabaga propagators I'm afraid I'd have got into something worse. I was about to accept a place in one of these Women's Auxiliary Bazars, where they build a parsonage by selling a spoonful of chicken salad and a cream-puff for seventy-five cents and calling it a Business Men's Lunch.

"Now I can go into a square, honest business, and give all them queer jobs the shake. Im going to Cincinnati and start a palm reading and clairvoyant joint. As Madame Saramaloi, the Egyptian Sorceress, I shall give everybody a dollar's worth of good honest prognostication. Good-by, boys. Take my advice and go into some decent fake. Get friendly with the police and newspapers and you'll be all right."

So then we all shook hands, and Miss Malloy left us. Me and Buck also rose up and sauntered off a few hundred miles; for we didn't care to be around when them marriage certificates fell due.

With about $4,000 between us we hit that bumptious little town off the New Jersey coast they call New York.

If there ever was an aviary overstocked with jays it is that Yaptown-on-the-Hudson. Cosmopolitan they call it. You bet. So's a piece of flypaper. You listen close when they're buzzing and trying to pull their feet out of the sticky stuff. "Little old New York's good enough for us"—that's what they sing.

There's enough Reubs walk down Broadway in one hour to buy up a week's output of the factory in Augusta, Maine, that makes Knaughty Knovelties and the little Phine Phum oroide gold finger ring that sticks a needle in your friend's hand.

You'd think New York people was all wise; but no. They don't get a chance to learn. Everything's too compressed. Even the hayseeds are baled hayseeds. But what else can you expect from a town that's shut off from the world by the ocean on one side and New Jersey on the other?

It's no place for an honest grafter with a small capital. There's too big a protective tariff on bunco. Even when Giovanni sells a quart of warm worms and chestnut hulls he has to hand out a pint to an insectivorous cop. And the hotel man charges double for everything in the bill that he sends by the patrol wagon to the altar where the duke is about to marry the heiress.

But old Badville-near-Coney is the ideal burg for a refined piece of piracy if you can pay the bunco duty. Imported grafts come pretty high. The custom-house officers that look after it carry clubs, and it's hard to smuggle in even a bib-and-tucker swindle to work Brooklyn with unless you can pay the toll. But now, me and Buck, having capital, descends upon New York to try and trade the metropolitan backwoodsmen a few glass beads for real estate just as the Vans did a hundred or two years ago.

At an East Side hotel we gets acquainted with Romulus C. Atterbury, a man with the finest head for financial operations I ever saw. It was all bald and glossy except for gray side whiskers. Seeing that head behind an office railing, and you'd deposit a million with it without a receipt. This Atterbury was well dressed, though he ate seldom; and the synopsis of his talk would make the conversation of a siren sound like a cab driver's kick. He said he used to be a member of the Stock Exchange, but some of the big capitalists got jealous and formed a ring that forced him to sell his seat.

Atterbury got to liking me and Buck and he begun to throw on the canvas for us some of the schemes that had caused his hair to evacuate. He had one scheme for starting a National Bank on $45 that made the Mississippi Bubble look as solid as a glass marble. He talked this to us for three days, and when his throat was good and sore we told him about the roll we had. Atterbury borrowed a quarter from us and went out and got a box of throat lozenges and started all over again. This time he talked bigger things, and he got us to see 'em as he did. The scheme he laid out looked like a sure winner, and he talked me and Buck into putting our capital against his burnished dome of thought. It looked all right for a kid-gloved graft. It seemed to be just about an inch and a half outside of the reach of the police, and as money-making as a mint. It was just what me and Buck wanted—a regular business at a permanent stand, with no open air spieling with tonsilitis on the street corners every evening.

(CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S PAPER.)

Morning Smiles.

Up to Date.

"Diggs is selling stock for a new venture."

"What's the name of it?"

"A merchant submarine."—Buffalo Express.

Fame.

Eighteen enterprising soda fountains in Philadelphia are serving Billy Sundae.—New York Tribune.

He Collected.

"How did the robber act?" asked the curious one of the hold-up victim.

"Oh, he was calm and collected," retorted the victim, mindful of his empty pockets.—Buffalo Express.

Couldn't Resist.

"She intended to refuse him, but she is such a lover of bargains that she could not."

"How was that?"

"He looked so cheap when she turned him down that she snapped him up."—Houston Post.

The Winner.

"How's your brother, Tommy?"

"Ill in bed, miss. He's hurt himself."

"How did he do that?"

"We were playing at who could lean farthest out of the window, and he won."—Chicago News.

The Penalty.

The Victim—Ptomaine poisoning, eh? Well, I surely was a blame fool to eat the stuff.

The Doctor—But, my dear sir, you can't establish yourself as a recognized epicure without a touch of ptomaine now and then.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.